Baba

DEDICATION

The Supreme Master is God, conceived as without figure, form or audi-visual existence. Such Entity cannot help men in achieving emancipation. It has to assume a human form to help its units and that is the form of a preceptor. The Preceptor is God incarnate. At His lotus feet we dedicate this.

Sons and Daughters.

Supreme Command

He who performs Sadhana twice a day regularly, the thought of Paramapurusa will certainly arise in his mind at the time of death, his liberation is a sure guarantee—therefore every Ananda Margii will have to perform Sadhana twice a day invariably—verily is this the command of the Lord. Without Yama and Niyama, Sadhana is an impossibility; hence the Lord's command is also to follow Yama and Niyama. Disobedience to this command is nothing but to throw oneself into the tortures of animal life for crores of years. That no one should undergo torments such as this, that he might be enabled to enjoy the eternal blessedness under the loving shelter of the Lord, it is the bounden-duty of every Ananda Margii to endeavour to bring all to the path of bliss. Verily is this a part and parcel of Sadhana to lead others along the path of righteousness.

Shrii Shrii Anandamurti

Man has great expectations from his fellow human beings. In order to fulfil those expectations go on working without the least resplte. Remember, a healthy human society free from exploitation, hatred and malice must have to be built up. In this great task, the blessings of Parama Purusa are sure to be with you.

Shrii Shrii Anandamurti

50th Ananda Purnima

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THE PREPARATION

Coming of Parma Purusa is an event. This is an event which needs a very long preparation, often for centuries. Parma Purusa is the nucleus of all creation. Everything emanates from Him and merges in Him. He is the only entity which is beyond even the subtlest and all-pervading shackles of time, space and person. Nothing can qualify Him. Nothing can bring about any change in Him. Such an entity can only change Himself on His own. And this is what happens in the event of the coming of Parma Purusa.

Various changes in the cycle of revolution of human civilization had brought it to a stage where the fear of hell and lure of heaven could no longer keep the evolved human intellect a prisoner within the four walls of religious and social dogmas. He could no longer reconcile himself to worship ferocious beasts or even gods created by human imagination and ingenuity. This set man thinking about the creator, the purpose and origin of the creation.

The Greek reliance on magic, fetishes, taboos and like the Egyptians on a host of deities could not satisfy the curiosity about either the creator or the creation. The Vedantiis of the East led by Patanjali and his followers in the West, Kant, Hegal and Schlegal tried to pierce through this mystery but could only partially satisfy the curiosity. Jesus fasted for forty-five days and underwent the ordeal of the Great Temptation, gave his sermon on the mount and formulated the christian concept of a fatherly God, the shepherd and an ethical code of conduct encompassing the Holy Trinity. His followers attempted to give a form to the Garden of Eden, the Hell, the Purgatory and the Heaven in a vain attempt to set at rest this awakening in human mind.

Socrates and Plato carried the search forward and eulogised ethical laws and the importance of idea over matter. Aristotle thought of a God who was only self-contemplating spending an eternity for his own perfection. Many later thought it to be an attempt to fill in a gap in the philosophic system that reason could not otherwise account for. This could not satisfy the growing curiosity of human intellect and led some to Stoicism which sought refuge in cynicism or to Epicurianism which thought of physical pleasures only and assigned to religion a secondary place of insurance against disaster. The failure of Oracles, religious leaders and thinkers is hence evident. Men could not satisfy their psychic enquiry and sought satisfaction in the pleasures of the moment.

Darwin's "Theory of Evolution" snapped off the last vestiges of the influence of religious and social superstitions on human intellect. It smashed to smithereens the Biblical account of the origin of the creation and the doctrine of fiixity of the species besides threatening man to rob him of his self assumed superiority in the creation as the image of God. Torn between belief and disbelief man could not discern the path he should follow much less, satisfy his curiosity about the creator and the creation.

Highly evolved Eastern philosophies, particularly those of India, had been engulfed into obscurity by the ritualism and superstitions innovated by religious and social leaders. Their effort to keep the followers in ransom by propounding the theory of non-religious actions leading to hell could not subdue the freedom loving human intellect to follow it as word of God. The position to which man was being led can

Shri Nirmal Chandra Sarkar (His Uncle)

be summed up according to the French philosopher Descarte's observation that anything going in the name of religions which either is contrary to reason or fails to stimulate ethical activity will be rejected by man. In fact, much of religion, faith and unfortunately with it ethical activity had been rejected by man diverting himself to seek instant pleasures and acquire instant authority. Many thought it to be the forecast of the doom of human specie unless a Supernatural Saviour saved it. And the preparation for the coming of Parma Purusa was complete.

SHRI LAKSHMI NARAYAN SARKAR

Four hundred and thirty years ago, Sher Shah Suri, the little-known Emperor of India, gave a firm administrative set up to his Empire. He divided the empire in 47 'Sarkars' and each Sarkar was further sub-divided into several Parganas. Usually each Pargana was under an Amin and one Shiqdar, one Hindi writer and another Persian accountant. These two posts could also be held by one person if he knew Hindi and Persian equally well. In his empire, extending from Sonargaon in Bangla Desh to Sakkar on the banks of the Indus in the present West Pakistan, Sher Shah Suri introduced for the first time a new element in administration, the element of aloofness which was later followed to perfection by British in India, by appointing officers not belonging to local clime and community. He drafted men from different parts of his empire to fill in these posts in 47 Sarkars. The sub-divisional officers in command of Parganas, with maturity and administrative experience, were promoted to hold command of a Sarkar. Such persons were men of proved ability, integrity and loyalty and were the top members of the administrative hierarchy.

A young man, well-versed in Hindi, Persian and Arabic, was faced with a challenge of leaving his hearth and home in the now Uttar Pradesh and join the emperor's service as sub-divisional officer in Bangla Desh. He took the adventurous course. The administrative set up of Sher Shah was more or less completely adopted by the Mughals and the services of this person like most of the others were also passed on to the Mughals. Not only his adventure but even his intellect and ability was so striking that he soon became the commander of a Sarkar. He spent a fruitful life and his sons and grandsons enjoyed the confidence of the Emperors and local Nawabs and remained equally illustrious officers governing a Sarkar. They came under the influence of the Tantrik Cult of Bengal. Some of them moved further into the East and developed more intimate contacts with the Tantrik Spiritualists. Alongwith the learning of Sanskrit, Persian and Arabic, practising Tantrik cult became a family tradition. They became famous not only for their position and ability but were also known as spiritual leaders of the area. They were respected and often discourses and discussions on literature, religion and spirituality were held under their patronage. Some also developed great occult powers by practising Tantra in burning ghats and jungles in spite of their high position in the government. The tradition of the family was further strengthened by each generation adding some thing more by their personal achievements. But with the fall of Mughals the eminent administrators and scholars of Samskrt and Persian had no place in the government. Their integrity and loyalty was the greatest stumbling block to win favour with the British who wanted only copyists, and clerks from the Indian Community. The erstwhile Sarkars could not pocket their self-respect and found themselves thrown to wilderness. The persons who ruled the Sarkar had to be satisfied with the mere title of Sarkar to maintain a link with the past glory. Their property was confiscated and where once stood a mansion as their home now wild shrubs grow.

The end of the first decade of the 20th century witnessed another migration in the family. Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar joined the accounts department of the most import-

Now wild shrubs grow where once a manson stood as Their home.

ant Railway workshop of the country at Jamalpur in Bihar. In the post mutiny consolidation of the Empire, the British proclaimed the introduction of the railways in India as the biggest welfare activity. It provided them facility for transporting their forces besides providing employment to the growing tribe of Anglo Indians. Very few Indians, only those who were exceptionally clever, could secure a higher job for themselves in the Railways, whether run by the government or a company. Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar was a very lucky person to have secured employment so rarely available to Indians. He proved his worth by not only effi-

Deserted ancestral house in Bamumpara

Shrimati Abharani Sarkar (mother)

ciency in office work but by establishing good relations with all around him irrespective of their being Indians, Anglo-Indians or Europeans. He commanded respect from all and also gratitude for little and commonplace help extended to his colleagues without any hesitation and above all, without even the slightest show of having done a good deed.

He was married to Shrimati Abharani who came with him to live in Jamalpur. Shrimati Abharani is the daughter of an eminent and well known medical practitioner, Late Dr. Upendra Nath Basu of Basirhat, a sub-divisional town in 24 Parganas District of West Bengal. She is the fourth daughter of the late Dr. Upendra Nath Basu. Married at an early age, she took to the traditions of learning and spirituality of the Sarkar family which has been inherited in all her children. She has ben a devout person from her very childhood and perhaps it is because of her spiritual background and association that even at this ripe old age to-day her alertness of mind and sharp receptivity with a clear and deep memory amazes every one who comes in contact with her even for a short while. Ever-since her husband died, she has been a very loving mother and a very strict father to all her sons, the eldest of whom was a student of ninth class in the Railway High School of Jamalpur. It was her courage and deep interest in her children's well-being and progress that she sent her eldest son to Calcutta for further college education in spite of her being a widow and this son being the eldest male member of the family. She has been an affectionate mother but her love never came in the way in keeping her children on the right path. She has exercised a very great influence on all her children, particularly four sons who have imbibed her qualities of selflessness, generosity, gratitude for even small favours received

and far more a disciplined and righteous way of life with deep devotion for the all-pervading Cosmic Consciousness—The Brahma.

Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar was a very happy man, he had a good job, a good home and a very happy family. At home, he was mostly engaged in literary pursuits. Every evening, there were sittings of learned persons, particularly Samskrt scholars, at his house. He had none of the habits of the modern society of playing cards, dice or other such entertainment. The only other occupation he had was the study of homeopathy, in which he took very keen and lively interest. He ran a free homeopathic dispensary where the attendance of patients at times numbered more than a hundred. Jamalpur was a small town then. The opening of the train service through Jamalpur had started giving it a special position as the riverine traffic via Monghyr was losing its importance. Jamalpur was the connecting link between Monghyr and Calcutta, being the Railway Station for the district town. Yet it was only in the process of developing into a town and so there were no medical services available in Jamalpur itself. Patients had to treck a long distance for even minor treatment. Shri Lakshmi Narayan was possibly the only person in Jamalpur dispensing treatment to patients and there was not a single family in Jamalpur which had not taken advantage of his services at one time or the other. He was universally known, loved and respected in Jamalpur. No one had a word to say against him. With all this, at times Shri Sarkar thought he had nothing else to wish for. One thing however started troubling when the second child born to his wife was also a daughter. 'He should have a son' was what almost everybody in Jamalpur started whispering. For his well-wishers were not confined to his family only; the entire population of Jamalpur having benefited from his treatment took a keen and intimate interest in his family and its progress. A son for him was almost every body's wish.

People suggested various things. Some of his learned friends offered to do a Yajina for him; other offered a sacrifice at the Kali Temple. None of these appealed to Sh. Lakshmi Narayan. He remembered his family tradition of being dependent on God for every thing, good or bad, and he only smiled at all these suggestions without either rejecting or accepting them. He wanted his own method to be adopted and that was prayer which ultimately brought fulfilment of his wishes and a son was born to him.

Prayers of Shri Lakshmi Narayan were well answered as within a year another child was expected by his wife. This created a problem of looking after the first son which was however solved by finding foster parents for him. The second child was also a son. This added to the happiness of the family. He was named Kanai Lal Sarkar. He is the son who in fact looks after the family and has remained a bachelor although he holds a good job in the Jamalpur Railway Workshop. Kanai was followed by another daughter who was named Bijli Prabha. Bijli Prabha was a very welcome daughter as the family had lost the second daughter. She was a chubby round-faced baby and was the darling doll of the family. The eldest brother Prabhat was particularly fond of her and showered lot of affection and love on her. It was perhaps her striking brightness and intelligence that endeared her to every one in the family particularly the eldest brother. Unfortunately she did not live long and at the age of 18 she got an attack of typhoid, against which she could not fight in absence of the modern drug, the Chloromycetine. Her death due to

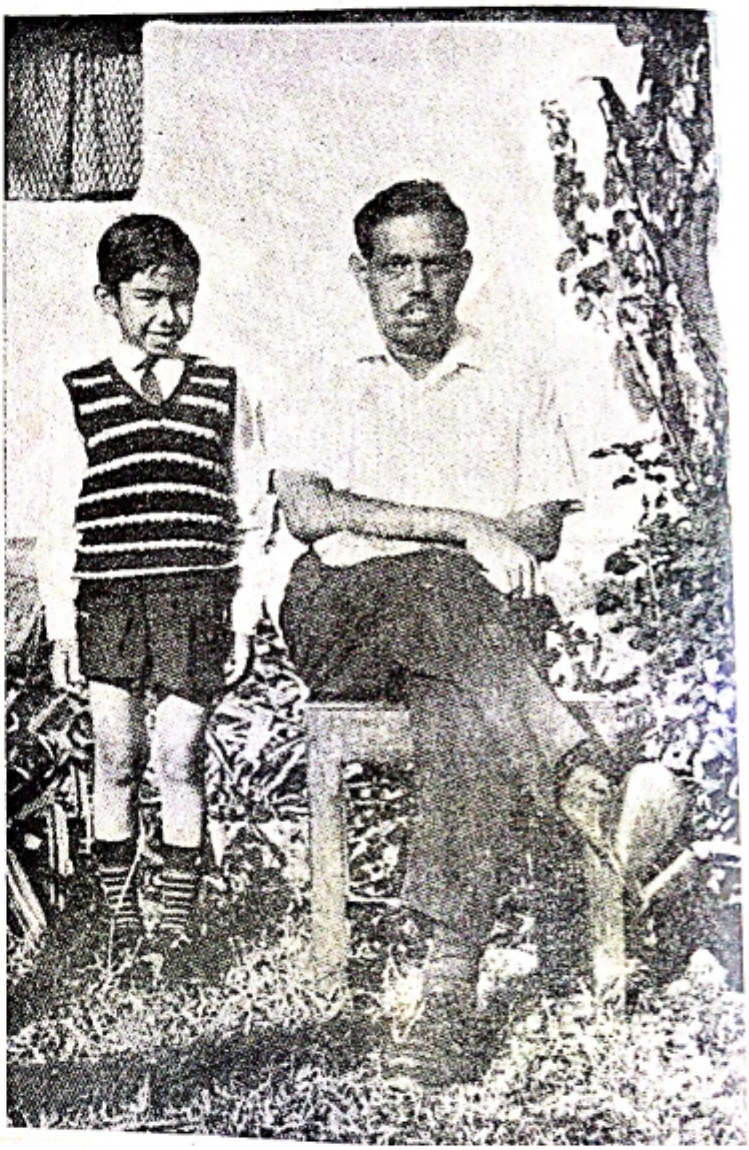
Late Bijili Prabha (sister)

Hemansu Ranjan Sarkar (Yonuger brother)

the fever was a great shock to the family but many thought her to be lucky as she had the blessing of her eldest brother at the time of her death.

Two more sons joined the Sarkar family and Shri Lakshmi Narayan had a house full of children, beloved sons and daughters. The third son born was named Hemansu Ranjan. He grew up to be a fine young man, joined the engineering department of the East-Indian Rly. and is now an officer at Dhanbad in the Eastern Railway. His marriage with Shrimati Kalyani was performed by the eldest brother in 1966 before he left Jamalpur. Hemansu Ranjan has a son called Saumitra (Platoo) and a daughter named Samita. The entire family is ardent follower of Ananda Marga. Hemansu Ranjan is perhaps the one in the family who understands BABA best. Having entered service in Jamalpur at the age of 19 years, he has now at the age of 42 done very well in reaching the higher service in the grade of officers. The youngest of the family is Manas Ranjan Sarkar who is happily married and is working in the Jamalpur Railway Workshop.

Shri Lakshmi Narayan was a happy man when he died rather prematurely. He had with the passing of time gained more respect and a reputation for social service. In the devastating Bihar earthquake of mid nineteen-thirties which showed its ugliest fury in Monghyr, Shri Sarkar worked day and night rescuing victims of the quake. He organised a band of youngmen, of Jamalpur who followed him in digging debris and taking out men, women and children buried alive for days under it. He arranged for their being carried to a place of safety as many had lost every thing, their house, their clothes, and all their belongings; often a boy, a child or an old woman was the sole survivor with no one to look



Manas Ranjan and Saumitra

after such a destitute. It was Shri Sarkar's ability of organizing these operations which brought a new hope to hundreds of such forlorn souls. But before long he was attacked by Kalazar fever from which he could not recover. He died prematurely at the age of 45 leaving behind his widow, two daughters and four sons. Shri Prabhata Ranjan was the eldest child studying in Class IX of the Railway High School. It was not only the family who mourned his death but the entire town of Jamalpur. For they had lost a person to whom they could look up in the hour of their need, from whom they could expect sympathy and affection and one who was always ready to sacrifice his personal comforts, for the service of others. Shri Lakshmi Narayan was really a remarkable person, the like of whom are very rarely born on this earth.

"Listen, Oh! Human beings—Humanity is the highest goal. There is nothing beyond its to know."

Shrii Shrii Anandamurti

THE BIRTH

Parama Purusa is unchangeable. He is Absolute Truth which is not affected by time, place or person. Whatever the time, age or the period, He remains unchanged. Whatever the planet, the country or the town and house where He dwells, He remains unchanged. And whatever shape, form or identity He takes He remains unchanged. Infancy, boyhood or youth does not make any change in Him. He would always remain the same. All the ages are within Him and He does not only have the experiences and knowledge of all these, but even exhibits that in His most commonplace activities.

Purnima (full moon) has a special singnificance in certain countries. In India, this day has been associated with many important events. This day has also been observed by many as a special festival but in recent centuries the birth of Gautam Buddha on Vaisakhi Purnima has been an outstanding event. The followers of Buddha gather early morning every year on this day and pray constantly for hours with their wheels, cymbals and rosaries, not knowing that very soon this day was going to assume a very great universal importance. Fifty years back on this day simultaneously with the rising of the sun a boy was born in Jamalpur, a small town in Bihar. The time was such that not only the Buddhist monks and followers but people of all religions and faiths were chanting the name of the Almighty in their various languages and forms. For this was the time when the Mullah in the nearby mosque was drawing the attention of His sons through his Azan. This was the time when all the temples in the world suddenly became alive with the blowing of conch-shells, beating of brass plates and singing loudly the devotional songs as the pujaries (priests) waved a dozen lights around the images of their gods. The devout all over the world had started their prayers not knowing what had happened at that very moment. The world at that moment had suddenly been awakened by the devotional outburst of its population.

At dawn on the Vaisakhi Purnima the house of Shri Lakshmi Narain Sarkar wore a very festive appearance. The family was expecting a son to be born as Shri Lakshmi Narayan had a vision that his desire to have a son was to be fulfilled this time. His mother, sister, sister-in-law, and many others had come to Jamalpur from the native village Bamunpara in Burdwan District of Bengal and their joy was unbounded when they saw the brightly lit scarlet colour of the rising sun reflected in the just born infant. News spread all over Jamalpur and bands in colourful costumes thronged in front of his house. Stream of visitors, the priests and pundits, friends of Shri Lakshmi Narayan started pouring in and congratulating the family. It was not a day of rejoicing for the family only but for the entire town of Jamalpur, in fact for the whole universe for the coming of Parama Purusa in such a rarity. Yet perhaps the family did not realise it.

Coming events cast their shadows. The infant's grandmother was very happy as this was her first grandson and she ordered her daughter and daughter-in-law to bring cow's fresh milk in a silver cup to be given to the infant according to the tradition of the family. The infant lay quietly in his cradle looking all round but when the cup was brought

near Him for putting some milk in his mouth he caught hold of the cup and took it to his lips. He did not stop there but even started sipping the milk. All the three ladies were amazed but the grandmother dismissed the incident by simply calling the infant "Burha" i.e. an ancient soul which has all the knowledge of all the times. It was an unstantaneous expression but she did not realize that it is also one of the names of Shiva and that it showed that time, place and person could not change Him.

A horoscope of the infant was prepared instantly. All the astrologers most of whom were friends of the father, put their heads together to come to an agreed chart showing the position of the various stars and planets at the time of the birth. But whoever read the horoscope was greatly perplexed as their reading was self contradictory at almost every stage. They said the child was going to bring tremendous fame to the father and the family. The name of the family would be known across the seven seas due to this child. Yet, instantly they read that this child will have nothing to do with his family. He would be as much an outsider for the family as any unknown person. The family would get no support from him. Then again they went on calculating and reading and said the child has the qualities of a king. He would be a regal personality. He would have numerous sons and daughters and in the same breath they said he would be a Sadhu who would spend all his life with Sanyasis and persons who would have no desire for the worldly things. These contradictions could not be reconciled by them and the only conclusion they could reach was that the child will become a Sadhu and would have nothing to do with the family. This unnerved the father very much. He wanted, prayed and worshipped Shiva for

Grand Mother who called Him 'Burha' at birth.

a son who would be a son in the literal sense of the word. He did not want a Sadhu to be born in the family. His worry was accentuated further because of the family history which showed a tendency in many past generations of adopting the life of a Sadhu. He felt annoyed with himself for having associated with the learned Sadhu, priests and pandits of the country who always found a hospitable abode in the house of Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar whenever they passed through Jamalpur. He feared that this atmosphere of the house had affected the infant. There was, however, no remedy at that stage except that the child should be kept as far away as possible from such influence. He could not disbelieve the prophecy of the pandits for he himself could read the same future for his son. It was decided that the horoscope should be burnt as if this could change the course of future carved out by the unknown. But for Shri Lakshminarayan there was some satisfaction in keeping it a close secret. The mention of horoscope and what it foretold was a taboo in the family and his circle of friends.

The child by the common consent of all the pandits and family members was named Arun which is the name of the rising sun. It was felt that the name was most appropriate as it described the bright colour of the infant's body which appeared to reflect the cool light of the rising sun. The pandits thought that the boy would be in illustrious succoing to progress rapidly with the certainty of the rising sun. The pudits thought that the boy would be an illustrious successor to his ancestors who had been famous as scholars and Tantrika Sadhakas. He would in this way be carrying on the tradition of the family to perfection in the same way as the rising sun follows the footsteps of all the preceeding suns of previous days. Arun was in their opinion the most befitting name for Him.

The house in Bamanpara with Grand Mother. A place loved by Him for maditation.

Little Arun was not even a year old when he had to leave his parents. Shrimati Abharani was expecting another child and it was very difficult for her to manage this little one all alone. Besides, perhaps the pandits also desired that in the interest of the parents and the coming child he should be kept away. This had to be done and strangely enough instead of sending Arun to one of his

relations Shri Lakshmi Narayan handed him over to a friend. This friend's family consisted of the couple with only one daughter named Radha. This little child who could not even walk was very welcome as an addition to the family. The foster parents grew very fond of him and Radha even more. She was his constant companion and could not live even a moment without Arun. Radha had foresaken all her friends and companions who although very fond of the little one did not like Radha having lost all interest in every thing else even her dearest and fastest friends without meeting whom at least once a day Radha could not sleep comfortably. The little boy who lived in the family for few years was called 'Babua' according to the Bhojpur custom. Babua was a plaything in the family. They kept him clean and well looked after like a precious toy. He was, however, too naughty to remain quiet like a toy and it was Radha who had to run after him always and to keep an eye on what he did and where he went. Radha who was only a small girl was not expected by her parents to be such a great help to them. They wondered how a growing girl who was fond of playing with friends of her age could take up such arduous work of looking after Babua for all the years he stayed with her family. She was a constant companion of Babua, all her waking hours, and they say even sleeping ones, were full of Babua and Babua alone. Babua uttered his first words in the house of his foster parents and it was the language of Radha, Bhojpuri, that he started speaking. He learnt to dance all sorts of dances with Radha and with her he learnt to sing also. The two of them would often collect many of Radha's friends and play strange games but Babua was invariably the only centre of attraction all the time. Unfortunately, very little is known at the present moment of what Babua did during these early years of his life.

Babua had to be taken away from the foster parents as Shrimati Abharani had to visit her parents in Basirhat and every one there insisted that Arun must come with her this time. The scene of Babua's departure from his foster parents is difficult to describe. The parents stood stiff with tears running down their cheeks. Radha was dumbfounded. She could perhaps not imagine that Babua would leave her. She had not only lost her voice but all her senses, as she did not show any emotion. She registered no change in her expression. No one could understand her situation and thought her behaviour strange as she had been so fond of Babua and she did not protest about His leaving her behind. Her friends who had been playing with Babua were of course full of grief and protest. Almost all of them cried loudly and wished that Babua did not go away from their midst. Arun however was quiet. He appeared to be full of emotions but also seemed determined not to express them. He went to His foster parents, bade them farewell, looked at Radha only once and possibly finding her non-reacting walked upto Shri Lakshmi Narayan, smiling shyly at every one else weeping, sobbing and asking him not to go. Arun left alongwith Shrimati Abharani for her mother's home the next day and people near his foster parents' house seemed to have forgotten him. Radha however did not forget him. It is said she took ill very soon and left this world, according to some, pining for Babua, whose name alone she kept on repeating some times distinctly 'Babua' and sometimes only 'Bab'. Her parents had no desire to live in that place after Radha's death who was their only child. They were not seen after that, but rumour spread in the town that within a month of Radha's death they also left their physical bodies to dwell in the state of Eternal Blessedness.

THE INCARNATION

ॐ ध्यायेनित्यं महेशं रजत गिरिनिभं चारूचंद्रावतसं, रत्नकल्पोज्वलाङ्गं परशुमृगवराभीति हसौं प्रसन्नं ।
पद्मासीनं समन्तात् स्तुतममरगनै र्व्याघ्र कृति वसानं ; विश्वाद्यं विश्वबीजं निखिलभयहं पञ्चं वक्त्रत्रिनेत्रं

A small child stood in front of Shiva idol on a Shivaratri day reciting this in perfect pronounciation and accent to the greatest wonder of the learned old priest. He had not seen the child earlier and on enquiries came to know that he was the four year old son of Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar a great devout and a frequent visitor to the temple. Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar had not heard his son recite this mantra as he was yet standing outside talking to some friend. The priest was so amazed and overwhelmed by the child's recitation that he almost ran to congratulate the father. How could this child who even at that age showed aversion and dislike to the superstitious old traditions of the family, learn this Mantra? He did not remember having ever reciting it. Who could have then taught it to the son?

The priest and the father as well as many a neighbour became deeply interested to find out how this small child who did not otherwise show any extra-ordinary qualities of religiousness learn this uncommon Mantra. They were greatly amazed as the child's mother Shrimati Abha Rani had often complained to her husband and others that this child was perhaps a weakling and got very frightened often in his sleep. She said that even when awake he kept on telling her the names of different species of animals which he thought were roaming about around him. He would often cling close to his mother and tell her to beware of the multitude of men and animals walking out of his one ear and then he would turn straight in the bed and tell her not to worry as all of them were walking back into his other ear. The mother was at times greatly perplexed. She could not understand what her son meant. Nor could she see. Often she would think he was under a hallucination and would draw him close to her bosom to save him from the fright which she thought he must have been suffering. It was more or less a regular feature and almost every night the child would wake up, cling close to his mother and keep on pointing out to her a new name of an animal or an insect. Some of these were familiar names but she could not see anything in the room far less see them coming out of one of his ears and going in back again into his other ear. She told her husband and her brother one day more or less as a joke that the way this child takes these names it appears that the entire universe comes out of his one ear while his other ear devours the whole of it at that very instant. It was a big joke in the family and when the child at the age of four recited the Shiva Mantra none of them thought that what the child saw was of any more significance than merely sleep talking or repeating an awful dream that he might have seen. They could not make out anything from the unfamiliar names of human being in various ages and places nor from the names which he described as animals, flying birds and small insects. It was to them only the childish pranks of a frightened one who invented these peculiar sounds which did not carry any sense much less indicating an organism or a thing.

How could a child who was frightened so easily in dreams recite the obscure Shiva Mantra correctly and completely? This was a mystery to solve which the priest was more keen than the parents. The parents were advised in the interest of the safety and the life of the child to make him observe the Shivaratri for at least three years

completely and in its minutest details of religious obligations. The priest's wish was acceded thinking that this would perhaps save the child from his frightening dreams and would bestow on him the blessings of God Shiva. From next year onwards the child Prabhata who it was noticed had particularly changed his deep red complexion to bright white with the change of his name from Arun to Prabhat at the age of four, had to observe Shivaratri with complete details upto the age of seven. This however did not solve the mystery of his having learnt the Mantra.

In order to explain the solution clearly it is necessary to describe some experiences of an Acarya with the brothers initiated by him into Ananda Marga. In the early days of Ananda Marga when the Acarya were very few and those few also had no practical experience of the difficulties that a disciple had to face. Their experience was limited to their own developments. The difficulties and troubles they had to face individually was all that they knew about Sadhana. For exchanging notes on Sadhana was not allowed. One day an Acarya was faced with the problem brought to him by one of the new disciples. He said that every time he sat down for his Sadhana he would after having obtained a fair amount of concentration, start having a strange feeling of something sitting or moving in front of him. And suddenly opening his eyes he found a full hooded snake sitting in front of him and swaying in the same rythm in which he was swaying while sitting in Sadhana with his eyes closed. He was naturally frightened and was not able to carry out his practices till he had sought an explanation from the Acarya. The Acarya was equally worried and had to consult Baba. Once the reason that it was a part of his own mind which had taken the form of a snake to impose the will of that part of his mind against Sadhana, was known, he would tackle the problem easily by making that part of his mind come back to its natural place. In several other cases also it was seen that during the course of Sadhana some potential reactions in one's mind would take a concrete shape and try to force the person to follow them. It is nothing else but his own personality. For instance there was the case of a young advocate of Gorakhpur who faced a peculiar situation on doing Sadhana. This youngman was the only son of the richest person of the town and having all that he wished for mere asking had led him astray. A few months Sadhana made him face a peculiar problem. Often in the night he would be waken by loud peels of laughter and even when his eyes were wide open and he wide awake, he would see a person more or less like himself standing in front and laughing sarcastically at him. Every time he encountered this double of himself he raised an alam but before any help reached him the other person disappeared. He raised such an alarm so often in the dead of night, that even though frightened, every one in the house made a fool of him. They said it was not possible for anyone to come up to his bed-room on the first floor at a time when all the doors and approaches were securely closed and locked. His earlier experience and alarms had made every one cautious and watchful. Yet very often the other person would confront him with his sarcastic laugh as if taunting him on his doing Sadhana. This again was the case of a part of his mind making an earnest effort to guide him in the direction desired by that particular set of Samskara or part of his mind. Thus the inherited mind always tries in some form or the other to guide every person.

The child Prabhata was being questioned very carefully to find out how he learnt the Shiva Mantra. He was

an elusive child and to draw from him was not easy. He had no liking or respect for the ordinary Sadhu coming and camping near his father's house. An incident connected with him and such Sadhu made it clear that none of them could have had any hand in teaching him. Once it is said that when he was in his fourth year a group of Sadhu camped near his house. They were considered very devout and there was most of the time some one or the other visiting them with presents of sweets and other things. This little child watched them closely and told some one that all the time these Sadhu appear to be sitting in meditation they are only keeping a watch with half open eyes on the offerings that their followers brought and placed before them. On being told that this was a sacrilege and that the Sadhu would punish him for saying so, the child in order to judge the strength and courage of the Sadhu or may be to show the others that they were only frauds, one morning ran away with the sweets that a disciple had brought from the watch of the half open vigilant eyes of the Sadhu. He ran hard with the sweets and to avoid the risk of being caught by them went and sat in a dirty service lane where he thought the sadhu would not pursue him. The Sadhu were however too lazy to do anything—or was it, they were afraid to pursue this child? This incident made the child more bold and his disrespect or aversion for any religious activities even more pronounced. His fear of sacrilege was completely rooted out and the awe of the well-fed robust bodies of Sadhu eliminated. The question of any sadhu having taught him the Mantra had to be only ruled out. Yet on questioning the child said that he was taught this Mantra by a sadhu.

This three year old child's behaviour during the nights was always peculiar. Apart from the awe producing narration of the room being full of known and unknown organisms, full of the various planets and stars or of men and animals not heard of by the mother, the child would often describe a journey across the river Ganga to its sandy banks on the other side. He would describe a vast sandy stretch to which he was carried by a strong storm. No one could make out any meaning of such a dream. The story was even forgotten till it was again revived during the course of enquiry about the Mantra. It was found out that during quite a number of nights a strong storm would be raging in Jamalpur and the child would find himself being carried away by the winds. He would not awake till the storm carried him to the other bank of the Ganga and placed him on the wide stretch of sands all alone in the dead of night. As the storm subsided, a Sadhu with saffron clothes, a long flowing beard and a Trishula in his hands would appear from almost nowhere before this little child. The Sadhu will urge him to repeat the Shiva Mantra. He would not order the child like the other Sadhus he had met but would persuade him most politely and affectionately to follow. He would urge, "say child say" (Bol Khokha bol) and repeat the Shiva Mantra. The big Sadhu much bigger than those he had seen in flesh and blood in front of his house; urged him to repeat this three times and after this was done the storm would re-appear. With the re-appearance of the storm the Sadhu would disappear and the little child would be carried back home to his bed. Only this time in bed he would be wide awake and start showing signs of worry and would wake up mother to show her the storm that had been raging all around. The repetition of this process every night for a few days annoyed the child very much. He had however in the process learnt the Mantra by heart. On one of such sojourns he was determined to finish off this annoying

Sadhu who disturbed him every night for nothing. His fright of Sadhu in general was already finished and he thought that even this Sadhu was as much a coward as the others he had encountered earlier. So one night when he was almost entering the fifth year of his life he decided to take action. He was as usual carried to the bank of the Ganga by the storm that appeared to be raging not only in Jamalpur but all over. The same big Sadhu with his saffron clothes, his long flowing beard and his big Trishula, bigger than the extraordinary height of the Sadhu appeared before him inviting him to join in the repetition of the Dhyana Mantra of Shiva. This enraged the little child; he santched the Trishula away from him and with a mighty push thrust it into the bossom of the big Sadhu. The big Sadhu was perhaps only wanting him to do so, as he cast away his covering in a moment and in front of the little child stood Sada Shiva. Before long the storm set in again and the image in front of him re-entered. This was the day of the great change and it some-how coincided with the change in his name from Arun—the rising sun to Prabhata Ranjana—the sun that illuminates everything; that gives colour to every thing.

That which impairs the naturalness of the life of individuals and society, is the Sadhana of dead. It is not the Sadhana of the living because the seeds of injustice, immorality and destruction dwell in unnatural life only. The wise and the well-wishers of society, therefore never support unnaturalness in life.

(Ananda Purnima, 1959).

THE CHILD

Arun started showing signs of unusualness at a very early age, much to the worry and dislike of his parents. Even while at his foster-parents house, reports about his absence from the house in spite of the vigilant watch of Radha had started pouring in. Shri Lakshmi Narayan was known to almost every one in Jamalpur because of his homoeopathic dispensary and every one recognised his son also. A hunter who used to supply birds caught in the Jamalpur forest for table use in the house of Shri Lakshmi Narayan told various tales to the servants about this little child. The servants complained to Shrimati Abha Rani that the little child should be brought back as there appeared to be no control on him in the other house. Abha Rani repeated these complaints to her husband. Shri Lakshmi Narayan in the beginning did not take notice but when the stories started reaching him more frequently, he became worried. Enquiries made from the foster-parents only revealed that the child was always in the house or was playing with Radha and her friends in one of the neighbour's compound. Still the tales coming up to Shri Lakshmi Narayan could not be disbelieved. Arun, however, was brought back and it was thought that a strict watch on him will keep him confined to the house most of the time.

The hope that Arun could be kept under closer control in the house was soon proved to be wrong. The same hunter one day reported that as he was entering the forest just before dawn to catch the early birds, he saw Arun coming out of the forest. This was repeatedly reported but it could not be checked up as no one could go deep into the forest at night to find out what Arun had been doing all the night there. He would, on questioning, only say that he was sleeping in the bed all the night. The little one also refused to eat the family food, i.e. meat and fish. He could not stand it and any show of force to make him eat what was commonly cooked in the house made him more obstinate. He would not look at fish which the others in the family ate with great relish. This annoyed the parents further but they thought it to be due to the influence of the foster-parents which turned him to become a vegetarian and thought that after some time Arun would change and start taking the traditional food. He, however, showed no change. They even tried persuation by eulogising the great qualities of fish which is supposed to contain phosphorous and certain other elements that directly nourish one's brain and improve his mental capacity besides giving superior physical strength. They would invariably express concern over Arun's lean and thin body and would make it a point to ascribe it to his not eating meant and fish. Nothing, however, could change Arun. Fresh vegetables, milk and fruits had to be arranged for him or else he would not eat anything at all.

The family tie in India still had a stronghold on people particularly on those engaged in administrative and intellectual pursuits. The Sarkar family also valued its traditions and tried their best to maintain cohesion in the family. Shri Lakshmi Narayan's brother was blessed with a son. He was born on the day Shri Chitta Ranjan Das died. Chittaranjan Das was the top political leader of India in the early twentieth century. He was considered the father of the independence movement in Bengal. It was thought that

the boy born at the time of his death should be named after him. This newly-born was hence named Chitta Ranjan. This, however, posed a departure from the family tradition of all the boys having similar names. The next brother of Arun had, to match with his name, been named Barun. The sentiment to stick to the name Chitta Ranjan was so strong that the names of these two boys were changed to names similar to Chitta Ranjan. Arun at about the age of five hence got a new name. He was called Prabhata Ranjan. This is the name by which he is known all over the world to-day and which means sun that not only illumines but also fills every thing with colour. With the change in His name the trend of His activities also changed.

After the incident at the Shiva Temple, Prabhata, as he was now called, had become serious and was most of the time lost in himself only. His absence from the house, although not noticed so much now, had become more both in duration and frequency. The same hunter reported that as he was returning from the forest in the afternoon one day, he by the behaviour small animals around him, felt that a tiger was nearabout. He quickly climbed a tree to let the tiger pass by according to the custom of his tribe. As he saw the tiger pass by, he was shocked to see the little son of Shri Lakshmi Narayan mounted over it. He could not believe his eyes, which he blinked and rubbed to make his vision clear and it was the same little son without any doubts now. The tiger climbed the hill with the child riding him and the hunter kept his eyes fixed on them till they were out of his sight. He could not contain this and ran straight to Shri Lakshmi Narayan's house to narrate to him this strange story. He caught him on his way back from office and they both proceeded towards home. Prabhata was not in the house. He had not yet returned from the primary school to which he had been admitted. A servant was sent to find out if Prabhat was in school. He came back with the news that Prabhata had left with the other boys after the school was over only some time back, while according to the hunter he was in the forest a couple of hours back. Shri Lakshmi Narayan not satisfied with the servant's report went to the school personally and was given the same reply but when he reached back he found Prabhata quietly sitting as if nothing had happened. On being questioned about this, he just smiled and said that perhaps the hunter did not see him clearly.

It was not only the hunter and the servants who brought such stories about Prabhata but even his fellow-students and teachers started telling Shri Lakshmi Narayan and his wife fantastic stories about Him. Some boys followed him one day when he was running towards the forest in the afternoon and they found that he sat down on a grave. They saw him squatting on the grave quietly for a little while but before long he started talking to some one whom they could not see. This frightened them and they ran back. This spread fast in the school and many were afraid of talking to him. In due course of time, every one in the school knew that Prabhata spends hours in the jungle talking to some one that others could not see, while others said that he could understand the language of the animals and the birds and talked to them. Although over-awed by these stories, a group of boys became very attached to him. They used to wait in front of his house in the morning to accompany him to the school. Shri Sarkar unhappy with the stories about his son, felt very happy when he saw how the other boys loved and respected Prabhata. He could not fail to notice that Prabhata was distinctly different from all these boys and that he was treated by all of them as a

leader. This was perhaps the only satisfaction and happiness he got from his eldest son who was otherwise so different from his other brothers and sisters. Almost all the teachers in the primary school spoke very highly about Prabhata. One day Shri Sarkar being fed up of the unusual and unnatural stories suggested to the Headmaster of Prabhata's school that he should be detained there after the school was over so that Shri Sarkar could take him back home with him while returning from his office. This, according to him, would take away the easy opportunity from Prabhata of visiting the forest in the afternoon. The Headmaster refused to accede to his request as it would have a very adverse effect on the other boys of the school. Prabhata was an ideal student of his school. There were no mistakes in his copy books; he never came to school without completing his home work. He remembered well whatever he was taught and, above all, he was so disciplined and well-behaved with the teachers and students that it was impossible for the Head Master to find out an excuse to detain him beyond the school hours. And with this Prabhata continued to have sufficient free time to visit his friends in the froest who were either the animals and birds or some unseen and unknown persons.

Prabhata also showed great interest in games. He would be present every evening in the play-grounds either playing football or teaching his friends the techniques of good football playing. In the evenings, as it was drak the whole group usually came back together. They entered the main road of Keshavpur from a lane. At the junction of this lane, there was a water tap and somehow or the other some water was always tricking out of it. Every time they passed that leaking tap Prabhata would with great annoyance say that it was a waste of public resources and it should be stopped. He would even ask some of the boys to try to set it right. One day they saw an old cow licking the trickling water and to their surprise Prabhata did not express his usual annoyance at the leaking tap. Just as it was a routine with the school boys to pass that spot at a fixed time every day, it became a routine with the cow also to be present there at that moment. Prabhata, however, stopped taking any notice of the leaking tap or the cow till one day when the cow seemingly tried to attack the group. The boys wanted to beat her but Prabhata held them back saying that she was a harmless old cow. The cow somehow did not prove to be quite so. Every time the group passed that spot the old cow was there. She would invariably walk towards the group trying to walk through them. This annoyed the boys very much. Many of them wanted to teach her a good lesson. Prabhata always held them back saying that cows are not meant for being beaten by boys and that this particular cow has a harmless old cow with no intention of hurting any one. They all thought that being a Hindu Prabhata had some special regard for cows and did not hurt her even though her interference by walking right through the group was extremely annoying. Once however, the cow crossed all limits and stationed herself in such a way that the whole lane was blocked. The boys tauntingly told Prabhata that she will have to be driven with a stick to-day or else they will all have to wait and pray to the mother cow to kindly make way for them. Prabhata was serious and told them to wait while he went ahead alone. He touched the cow with one of his fingers and to the great astonishment of them all, she started shivering and shaking violently and almost within a moment fell down with a great thud on the ground. Her eyes were wide open and before closing them she made two lound sounds of 'Baa' and 'Baa' before becoming life-less. The group

watched that with great curiosity and fright but no one dared speak anything about the most unexpected killing of the cow by their friends Prabhata who till only yesterday had been showing great concern for this cow. There was no laughter and no talk after this incident. They all walked back home quietly, only Prabhata knowing which soul was confined to the physical body of this cow and to which state He had consigned it now.

The reports about peculiar actions by Prabhata had made the parents to look forward to the closing of his school for summer vacations when he could be sent away from Jamalpur. It had become almost a custom for the family of Shri Lakshmi Narayan to be away from Jamalpur in vacations primarily to keep Prabhata away from the forest and the valley of death so much frequented by him. He later on showed the rock on the top of the hill in Jamalpur on which He used to sit as a child and meditate for hours. It was perhaps to this that the tiger used to carry Him to save His time. There is also a place called the Death

The hill top in Jamalpur to which a tiger carried Him on its back

The neem tree in Death Valley one of His favourite spots for Sadhana

Valley in the forest near Jamalpur. People are ordinarily even now afraid of going there alone in the day. It is said that long back a company of British soldiers on military exercises in the forest was completely lost in this death valley. There is very steep fall from the top of the hill and any one not knowing the place is bound to fall into the valley and face instantaneous death. The company of the British soldiers had met a similar fate when one after the other they fell in that trap dying instantly. There was no one left to report the loss to the headquarters in Jamalpur for burial of these soldiers. There is a big 'Neem' tree in this valley. It besides providing shade also makes the valley so dark that even in the day it was as dark as the advancing evening. It was an ideal place for sadhana or meditation of which BABA took maximum advantage as young Prabhata. He was sure that no mortal human could disturb him there even in the broad daylight of the afternoons. For even now, when much of the forest has been cleared and a sort of a path has come into existence leading to the 'neem" tree, people who have ventured to go there in group of four or five have heard peculiar sounds, sometimes hissing of a cobra, and at others chanting of shlokas in Samskrta. If was here that good many hours in BABA's childhood were spent and it was to keep Him away from this dreaded place that Shri Lakshmi Narayan sent him away to his native village, Bamunpara.

The cool and dark inside of the house suited Him as a child for Sadhana

In the village he found strange aloofness. The friends of Jamalpur who took much of his time were also not there. He liked the house and another neighbouring house very much as these thatched in the typical Bengal style of the roof covering up most of the side-walls made the inside cool and dark. It provided a very suitable place for His meditations. He would spend hours lying quietly in his bed and would on questioning only tell them not to disturb him as he was seeing the past history of this Universe. At other times he would say He was witnessing the incidents to happen a thousand years hence. The family members thought him to be a day dreamer. The company of the

Sister Hira Prabha Bose whose scolding made Him write His name in five scripts as a child

other children of whom there were plenty did not please him. One day his elder sister who is quite older than him and who usually used to look after him got very annoyed when he failed to respond to her repeated calls asking him to come and join them for a meal. She started calling him a waster of time who instead of engaging himself in studies wasted his time lying in bed and talking non-sense. She said that children of his age could write a letter while he did not even know how to speak his own mother-tongue well, for Prabhata was known to be a boy who strangely enough spoke more fluently Bhojpuri and Hindi than Bangla. Although he had picked up Bangla by now very well, the family members however always tanunted him for not knowing it well enough. Prabhata was serious; he picked up a copy book, wrote down in presence of the sister his name in five different scripts and told his sister that she could read only the first line which was written in Bengali script. The second, he said, was Arabic, the third Roman, the fourth Nagri and the fifth Tamil. The sister was dumbfounded. She did not know what to say to this boy who looked so simple and who was always lost in Himself. It was under such circumstances of opposition from all-round that He grew out of the primary school and migrated to the High School.

Encourage every one to build his career in a nice way. Let none get the scope to think that his life has become useless.

(Ananda Purnima, 1963).

THE STUDENT

In the Railway High School, Pandit Ram Chandra Jha, a Samskrta scholar and teacher in the school, was perhaps the only person who attracted BABA in Jamalpur. It was Pandit Ram Chandra Jha who besides giving him formal education in Samskrta placed old books and classics at his disposal. This the young student read with great relish. He devoured them at such a rapid speed that at times Pandit Ram Chandra Jha found it a problem to keep him supplied with new books and so he put him on to a new idea. The idea was to try to make new words which would convey the meaning of new ideas more comprehensively. This was a more engaging occupation, for there was never a shortage of ideas with Prabhata Ranjtn. This kept him engaged in a pursuit which not only pleased him but also gave an opportunity of condensing new ideas and putting them in black and white. Pandit Ram Chandra Jha was so impressed with this young boy that he would often spend hours, discussing with him his new compositions. He also took great interest in listening to the detailed explanation from Prabhata Ranjan of obscure words used in original Vaidika literature which Panditjii had given him for reading. Prabhata Ranjan, according to Panditjii, very soon became an expert in breaking up a word to its roots and explaining in detail the meaning to convey which the word had been especially formed by authors thousands of years ago. Prabhata Ranjan became a moving dictionary not only in Samskrta but also for English as he could apply the same principles for breaking up English words to their roots and explain the exact meaning they intended to convey.

The account of his son's proficiency in Samskrta pleased Shri Lakshmi Narayan very much. The day-dreaming obstinate boy was doing something concrete, was a great relief to him. It was difficult to force young Prabhata to do a thing or accept an idea. Some times even persuation failed. For instance, his dislike for non-vegetarian food could not be removed. He, in spite of all compulsion and even greater affectionate persuation, would not touch meat or fish. He could not be kept away from his meditation in the mornings and evenings however pressing circumstances may demand his departure from this. He would get up early in the morning when every one was in deep slumber and finish his meditation before any one got up to avoid their asking him not to waste his time. Shri Lakshmi Narayan was again very happy when young Prabhata gave him great assistance in organizing the relief work for the victims of the furious earthquake in Monghyr. It was the group of Prabhata's friends which under his leadership actually set an example of efficiency and sympathetic handling of victims for the others to emulate. It was He who raised the standard of relief from mere medical aid to dispensing of love and affection to the victims. His untiring effort and keen interest in doing something earthly and specific was again a great satisfaction for the father, particularly from a son who was otherwise so different, who would not listen to any advice with whatever motive it may have been given, who would not move an inch to undertake a work however compelling it may have appeared to others and who was always lost in some thing in some ideas which no one else seemed to know. His interest in Samskrta and his active participation in social service was a great satisfaction to Shri Lakshmi Narayan

just before his death as it was only a short while after the Monghyr earthquake that he took ill and died.

Prabhata Ranjan being the eldest son had to face the burden of the family after Shri Lakshmi Narayan's death. This change, perhaps, made him more contemplative and serious. He had more or less given up the youthful company of his school friends and spent most of his time in thinking and meditation as if he was planning a big project. He passed his High School Examination from the Jamalpur Railway High School and his mother insisted that he should proceed to Calcutta for higher education. In July the same year, he joined Vidyasagar College as a science student for his Intermediate Examination.

In Calcutta, he faced a different world altogether. He missed the quiet and unpolluted atmosphere of Jamalpur. He missed the forest, the valley of death and the hill top of Jamalpur. But very soon he discovered similar places in Calcutta also. His maternal uncle, Shri Sharat Chandra Bose, with whom he stayed, was a bachelor. He was very keen on long evening walks in quiet lonely places and Prabhata Ranjan explored these further to find suitable nooks for his purpose. His elder sister Hari Prabha was married to Shri Ramani Mohan Bose who was a practising lawyer in Howrah Courts. Prabhata Ranjan found a very welcome change in visiting his sister and playing with her little children while in Calcutta. He would often accompany his brother-in-law in his tours and has narrated his unusual experiences very graphically in some of his writings. His fondness of his sister continued for a long time as he some times visited her even after leaving Calcutta at Chinchura where she has been living after her husband's death. The other lady who looked after him in Calcutta was an aunt whom BABA called "Mago". She used to see that he got nourishing vegetarian food and in time. For Prabhata was very careless about his food. He did not seem to need it as he never complained of being hungry and never asked for food. He would forego meals one after the other if he did not get them at the appropriate time. Mago whose name was Shrimati Durgabati found it out quickly and saw that every meal was ready in time. The Calcutta house atmosphere was different. His maternal uncle, Shri Sharat Chandra Bose, who besides being bachelor was also a highly evolved Tantrika and keenly interested in spirituality. Prabhata Ranjan had no one's annoyance at spending as much time as he wanted in meditation and sadhana. His absence for walks in lonely places was not objected to nor even his visits to cremation grounds and burning ghats were taken notice of.

No one ever saw him reading his text books. He never made notes from any books. His activities were multifarious. He would select books at random from the college library; books which had nothing to do with the course he had undertaken to study. Sometimes he would select old Samskrita books or some old odd books on philosophy, economics, or politics and read them to his fellow-students as he was a master of that subject. Students with different courses would flock to him for removing their difficulties. They would come to his uncle, Shri Sharat Chandra Bose's house in Bag Bazar in Calcutta City, where he lived then. One day, Shri Sharat Chandra, seeing a number of students solving their difficulties, asked Prabhata if he was giving them private tuition. And it was perhaps this hint that he actually took up and started giving private tuitions to several boys. The money that he earned from these tuitions was spent in helping poor fellow-students or other people

who were in need of help. He even took up jobs in Hindustan Standard, Statesman and Ananda Bazar Patrika as sub-editor or news editor only to get more money to be able to help more people. He had however to quit these newspapers as he refused to accept the views which he did not consider to be right and hence not worthy of printing in the newspapers. He invariably had difference of opinion with the Chief Editors and had to leave the editorial job of his own accord. He was in fact too straight-forward, too righteous and too frank to suit the newspapers which had to bend to the pressure of circumstances to secure their continuance, while Prabhata Ranjan knew no compromise in his ethical standards even if it meant losing his job.

It is not known how many persons he had already initiated before leaving Jamalpur. No one had seen him do so, although in Bamunpara, his ancestral home, several unknown persons were seen following him on his evening walks. In Jamalpur also, grown-up persons would often wait for him to go with him for the evening walk. He had, before he left Jamalpur for Calcutta, earned the reputation of a very good fortune-teller. In a few instances, he had told some people casualty about a future incident in their lives which actually happened in the same way. This news spread fast all over the town and people started consulting him. They thought he had studied palmistry and could read the lines very accurately. Before long, however, he had taught palmistry to one of his friends and would direct all such visitors to him. Yet whenever some people came to see him, they all took them to be person who had come to have their future told, even if they were his disciples and called him BABA. His earlier initiations were confined to strange persons and were also given in very strange circumstances. He had no fixed place for giving initiations nor did he encourage his disciples to bring persons for initiations. They came by themselves and it appeared as if by sheer coincidence or accident.

It was a routine for BABA to go out for a walk every evening after his return from college. He was often joined by another friend Ramesh Chandra Sethi. He followed the course of the river Ganges known in Calcutta as Hooghly, because of being more like a canal with steep banks. His walks were mostly between the Neemtullah burning ghat and Maratha Ditch. This portion of the Hooghly bank was very lonely as people thought it to be infested with criminals and dacoits who hid themselves there. It was feared that any one visiting this area after dark was sure to be looted at the point of a pistol or a dagger. People went there only in groups with dead bodies for cremation. But for BABA it was the usual walking strip. One evening when it was quite dark and his friend Ramesh Chandra had not come he sat on a patch of grass on the river bank looking towards the other bank waiting for some one. It was too late for Ramesh Chandra to come; still he waited there. Was it Ramesh or some one else he was waiting for, only He knew. But soon He heard the sound of footsteps behind Him. Without caring to look back He asked the approaching person to sit down as if his friend Ramesh Chandra had at last come. The new comer who was an utter stranger, not expecting such treatment in that area in the darkness of advancing night, was for a second overwhelmed but being a hardened criminal soon overcame it and whipping out a large dagger asked BABA to part with whatever he had with him. Promising him to give whatever was on his person, BABA asked him:

"Are you very short of money?'
"No; not now."

"Has it then not become your habit to rob others?"
"Yes, but what else is there to do?"

The iron will of Kalikananda (till then known as Kali Charan Banerjee) was broken. The hardened criminal expressed his desire to become good but then no one trusts him far less treat him nicely and teach him to become good. He had no one who would even sympathize with him or let him live in his house. He was promised the mastery of the universe if only he wanted it and did not fritter away his energy and life in robbery. Kalikananda's desire to change himself having been raised, he wanted to have a bath in the Ganges to wash away his sins before coming close to BABA to take initiation. He was clad in an under-shirt and a 'lungi' only and with these on he jumped into the Ganges. After his dip in the river he was ready for his initiation. He, a tall and hefty figure, sat before the small and thin figure of the young boy who was going to change the very course of his life. He had no patience to wipe his face or body. And there he sat, a notorious criminal and robber taking initiation from the unknown preceptor with drops of water glistening all over his robust body and smooth skin, looking as if the sins within had already started oozing out. The initiation being over, Kalikananda who had addressed BABA as 'Khokha' (young boy) for He hardly looked fourteen years of age, insisted on escorting Him back home. He explained that this city was full of evil people—pickpockets, robbers and dacoits who would not hesitate murdering a lad for a few annas in his pocket. He could not let the Khokha go back alone through this darkness of the night. Bidding farewell to Baba at the doorsteps Kalikananda amidst tears and sobs refused to take the five paisa, which was all the money Baba had on His person. The more Baba insisted the more loudly the hefty criminal started crying. It was with a very heavy heart that Kalikananda accepted the five Paisa but the feet that took him back were light. For the old Kalicharan was dead and the new Kalikananda had emerged. This is what happened to people after initiation which strangely enough happened to occur by sheer accident or coincidence only.

The affairs of the family in Jamalpur were not quite smooth. They had shifted to a smaller house in Keshavpur. The eldest son could no longer continue his studies at Calcutta in spite of his mother urging Him to do so. He left a bright educational career and came back to Jamalpur to take up a job in Accounts Department of the Railway Workshop where his father had worked. Prabhata Ranjan was as hapy in His new role as an auditor in the Railway Workshop as He was as a student in Vidyasagar College, as a private tutor, or as an editor in one of the Daily Newspapers in Calcutta. People back at home eagerly awaited the result of His Intermediate Examination. It had, of course, no excitement for Prabhata Ranjan, not because He had matured, not because He was being called BABA by many of his disciples in spite of His young age, but because nothing ever affected Him right from His infancy. The newspaper from Calcutta publishing the results had arrived by the morning express train even then known as Upper India Express. They frantically searched for His roll number but it some how eluded them all. They came up to Prabhata Ranjan with long drawn faces not knowing how to break the news to Him of His failure in the examination. He was as usual without any expression of expectancy or concern about His result. One of them took courage and said very regretfully that he could not find his roll number in the list of successful candidates. Prabhata Ranjan did not ask for having a look at the paper as if he had already

seen it. He only asked them to look for His name in the list of top most first ten successful candidates published on the front page of the newspaper. They all shouted and jumped with joy pestering the mother Abharani for sweets but it registered no change in Prabhata Ranjan who was beyond pleasure and pain, and who was beyond the subtle shackles of Time, Place and Person.

Thorns of the path cannot deter those who have assembled with the determination to march in unison. Those who are blowing the trumpets of victory in an effort to conquer the universe of a timid mind. O man! march ahead—let the song of march be your only slogan.

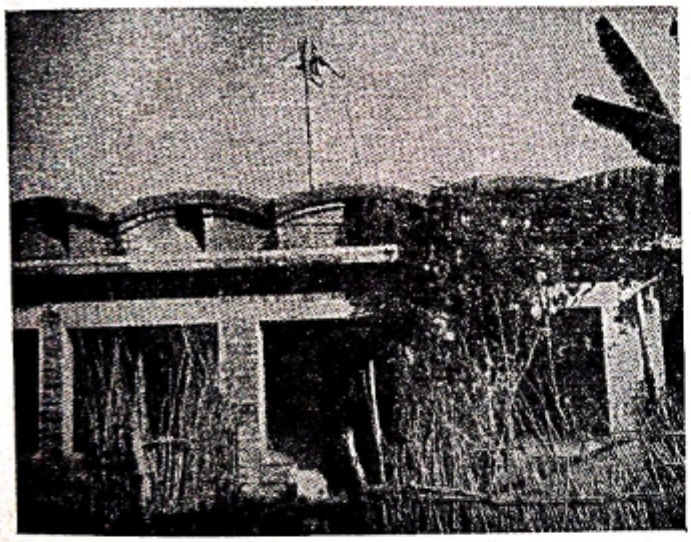
(1st Jan., 1957).

Marching together of all in unison is termed as society Instead of despising those who have lagged behind, help them to advance. This alone will be your Social Dharma.

(1st Jan., 1966).

THE BEGINNING

Shri Prabhata Ranjan Sarkar joined the Railway Workshop where cannon shells were being made in place of the locomotive parts. The World War was at its highest fury. The human race led by extrovert leaders, whose centrifugal projection of unit mind had started vying with the cosmic mind, had been engaged in the vilest form of hatred and destruction of each other. The centrifugal activity had seeped into the society so deep that no one seemed to be left untouched by it. He witnessed every day how men had started betraying their friends, how the binding of ethical principles was being loosened and how money had started replacing God. The fear of God was being replaced by fear of not only financial and economic power, but even brute power of the bullets.



The Rampur Rly. Colony house where He lived before leaving Jamalpur

Whole of Europe had been run over by Hitler's army. The British influence in Africa was desrtoyed by Rommel's tanks and even the Emperor of Ethopia had to take refuge in Britain. In India, the refugees from Burma and the retreating allied forces had completely demoralised the ruling British. Many had packed up and were ready to fly back home at a moment's notice. Subhas Chandra Bose had given a pledge that he would do nothing, not even aspire for spiritual progress, till India had gained complete independence. He had been taught the latest system of Tantrika Sadhana in Calcutta before he disappeared and crossed the borders of India. His Azad Hind Fauj had almost entered the eastern borders of India.

The 1942 Quit India Movement had been suppressed by the bullets of the army. The fright was so great that over-night the Gandhi caps had disappeared. Every one tried to show that he was the most loyal subject of the King Emperor of India. The moral fibre of the individual had been completely eroded. He had also seen how every activity had been converted into war effort. The effects of war although not fought on Indian soil were most disastrous for Indian society where British-printed currency could make them do anything even kill their brothers who dared to oppose the British. Every one was engaged in making more money. The British individual also amassed as much

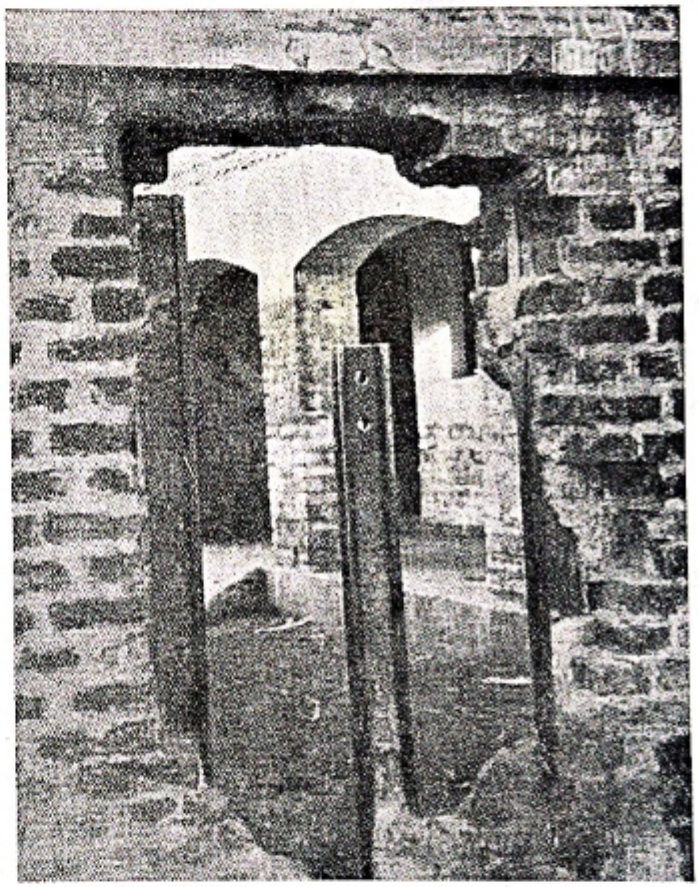
as he could for himself. And finally He also saw how after the British left India, London-tailored suits had been replaced overnight by sparkling white khadi Dhoti and Kurta alongwith heavily starched Gandhi-Caps. The complete erosion of morality, of consideration for fellow human-beings and of spirituality was so glaring that He was compelled to do something concrete.

His colleagues and officers in the Workshop had known His various facets. He could not shake-off the reputation of being a very accurate fore-caster. One day when some foot ball players were going to the field, He called someone's name and asked him why he was limping. The player was greatly astonished as his legs were in perfect condition and the question of his limping did not arise. But after his play that evening he had to limp for quite some months as he had fractured one of his legs. His fellow workers would often ask him some thing and were always surprised to find the incident, about which He had mentioned a day earlier happening exactly the same way. They would also ask him about someone seriously ill and at times He would not answer at all. They would then know that there was no hope. Some times they would request Him to give some homoeopathic medicine like the father Shri Lakshmi Narayan Sarkar whom many had known personally. He would in some cases tell them a minor herb to be taken and they were surprised to find it work miraculously. The stories travelled up to the top English bosses of the Workshop. One day, the Chief of the Workshop came to His table, for by then He had earned a reputation of being a spiritualist and no one ever sent for Him. This Englishman who had lived in India fairly long had come to believe in spiritual or occult powers, having seen quite a bit of it in his postings in small towns of Bengal. The Chief, his face red with excitment came to Him and asked Him if He could advise Him about his wife who was seriously ill in England. The latest letter from her only said that she had to be operated upon immediately for some trouble in her viscera. The doctors had not been able to diagnose the exact ailment and thought that removal of a kidney would relieve her of the repeated acute pain. BABA closed His eyes for a moment and told him that there was nothing to worry as only a very minor operation would be necessary and that he should inform his wife that she should insist on proper X-ray of the lower portion of her abdomen. The chief was greatly relieved but he wondered how much will the doctors in London listen to his wife's suggestions. He could not reach there in less than a month or so because of the war and he could only write a letter and send a cable. Having done that had not satisfied him and he again came to Baba requesting Him to pray for his wife. Baba had told him that his wife would be joining him in India very soon after her recovery. The pendulum of victory had swung in favour of the British and travel becoming safe and easy brought the lady to Jamalpur. The Chief, one evening, invited Baba for tea to his house probably with the intention of having his and his wife's palm read by Him. He was taken by the Chief personally to the drawing room where his wife sat presiding over the small tea table. The moment she saw Him she became so overwhelmed that in her effort to get up, everything even the tea-table was almost overturned but for the servant who caught hold of it. With tears running down her cheeks, a rare exhibition of emotion for an English women, she told her husband that it was this Indian doctor who argued for forty minutes with other doctors when they were finally discussing her case before the operation and that but for him she would have been without a kidney today which according to doctors would have

meant only a very limited span of life left for her. The husband was more surprised. He had never heard of this person having taken leave or of having taken a trip to England. Then it was impossible for anyone to reach London physically before the operation. It did, however, convince him that there are many things possible although not physically feasible.

Baba had started picking and choosing a few persons from those around Him for teaching them Sadhana. The re-establishment of morality and remaking of man who had been completely changed during the World War was His first concern. The damage was so widespread and had gone so deep that it was not possible to re-establish it by mere preaching. People had started having more faith in immorality and dishonesty as instruments of self-progress than in anything else. This had to be removed and He faced an uphill task as with the cessation of war an entire generation had been wiped off not so much physically as morally and spiritually. The after-effects of war, of political redistribution and of political independence had made them blind to the degeneration that was befalling the human society. Baba had to create men first before He could take up the challenge.

Baba's earlier disciples like Kalikananda and others were so engrossed in enjoying the bliss and happiness obtained out of this drastic change in themselves that they could not carry His mission further. They could only be precepts for others to follow. He, hence, engaged Himself in teaching some of His associates the difficult and obscure practices of Sadhana which He had evolved to suit the changed conditions of the world. These men were local people and had the advantage of consulting Him at every step. Even the slightest difficulty or doubt would make



The passage through Rampur Colony through which He went every day to Jagriti, often broken open by invisible hands of His sons including Kalikananda

them run to Him. And He was there always ready waiting for them with infinite love and affection in store for His disciples who in their turn did not only call Him BABA but also looked up to Him as a father. Like little children even slight pain in their body or a rebuff from their elder brother or an officer in the office would make them run to their father for a solution. These were the lucky few who were not only taught the so far unknown new methods of Sadhana but were pampered by Him like small children. They did not realize it then and it appears that it would perhaps take them another life to realize it.

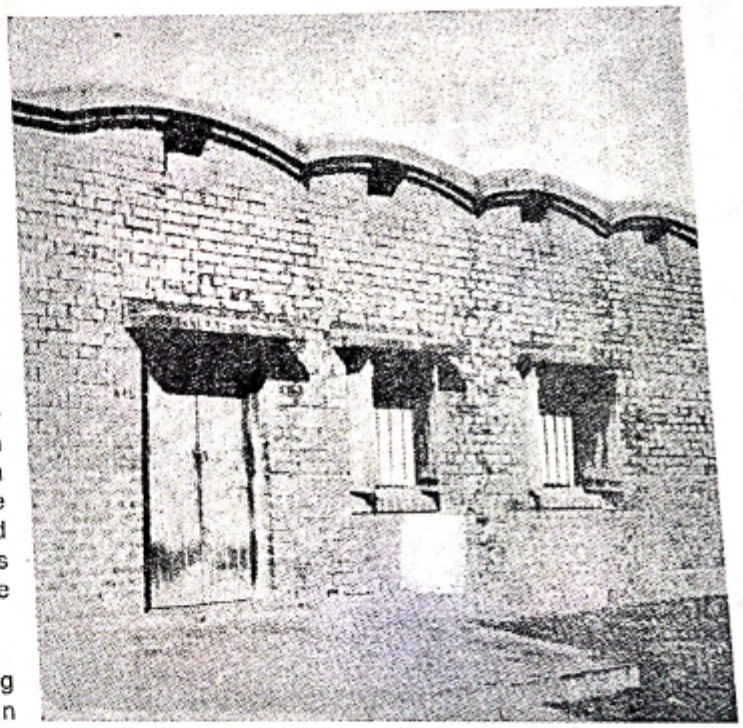
Marching ahead is life. Crushing the pebbles of hindrances and obstacles with a stroke of thy feet, disdaining the frowns of wind tornadoes, meteors and roaring thunders and rendering all superstitions to ashes without any second thought.....march on and on. Parama Purusa is with you Victory is yours.

(Ananda Purnima, 1968).

THE MARGA

Baba launched the revolution that He called Ananda Marga at a time when the glory of winning a war or independence had been appropriated long ago and it did not provide the protective shade even to the few at the top who just sat chewing the cud in that shade thinking that they had swallowed an eternal Solomon's mine to provide the cud not only for their life time but for that of their progeny. This inaction had seeped down to the very lowest ranks of society and whenever contraction of one's public image and prestige started tightening, it was loosened only by the wordy activity of making tall promises of welfare in future and of reminders that hardship endured in the present could only promise a bright future. Their infinite urge for individual hoarding had however not been satisfied and even in this inaction these lethargic mortals ran after the most elusive of the materialistic idea of "enough." In this pursuit they even forgot their obligations to their families, the society in large was completely ignored. This had taken such a hold over individuals that there was a mad race everywhere for that "enough" and in that race, breaking each other's head if it came in the way was the rule rather than exception. This was the state of the individual and the society which made Baba introduce Ananda Marga and perhaps only those who get the opportunity of seeing it as a distant past would be able to appreciate this to be the most appropriate juncture for its launching.

Baba had to provide His disciples with a place for doing Sadhana. These first few disciples had to be engaged in Sadhana for long hours as the intoxication of the blissful feeling could not make them keep themselves away from it for long. This aloofness and undisturbed atmosphere was not available in their homes. Quarter No. 338 in the Rampur Railway Colony in Jamalpur was the place provid-



No. 338, Rampur Rly. Colony where Kishto like many others got a new life

ed by Him for this purpose. It was in this house that for the first time Ananda Marga was made known to any one else besides Himself. It was in this house that the first official Dharma Maha Cakra was held. It was this house where many had their first darshan of BABA. It was this house where many miracles were witnessed by His sons. The house was and still remains a most commonplace, two small-roomed quarter. There was no electricity and only a small hurricane lantern dispelled the all-engulfing darkness. Of course, there always lingered on multi-million watts illumination as ramanants after BABA's each visit.

On the 7th of November, 1954, His disciples had for the first time gathered in Quarter No. 338 of the Rampur Railway Colony to meet their Preceptor collectively. Only some of them had known each other earlier. It was in this meeting that BABA declared that they were all treading the same path and the path was Brahma Ishta Marga. None present there could imagine what was behind this hint. They all only thought that their Sadhana was for the attainment of Brahma and hence the path was Brahma Ishta Marga.

On the 14th November, Baba's disciples met for a second time. The number was larger this time. There were some new faces but either the light in that small room was too little or they were all too much engrossed in their thoughts of BABA that no one took any notice of the other. Before BABA arrived, almost all of them started saying that BABA had come and before He could knock at the door it had been opened. He sat on the small wooden 'chowki' covered with a black blanket and His disciples who now had started calling themselves His sons squatted on similar blankets spread on the floor. All the nine of them offered 'sashtanga' salutation and Baba explained to them that death was a simple process of changing one's body and thtat the process was painless. There was hence no need for any one to be afraid of death. He called Kishto to sit in front of Him and ordered his different 'Vayu' to merge in the other till finally all left his body. The body then lay lifeless on the floor, the rest making a place for it. Baba left the room and everyone followed Him to the other room. He asked them to go back to see how Kishto was and they obeyed Him. They came back after checking and reported in great fright that he was dead. There were no signs of life in the body lying in the other room. Baba then came back again and ordered the different 'Vayu' to re-enter and finally his soul was asked to rehabilitate the body. The time Kishto's body was lying dead BABA made the body answer certain questions which His disciples had been asking Him for a long time. Kishto was up again and the first thing Baba asked him was to tell every one if he felt any pain in the process of death. He said it was as painless as changing a shirt. Not only Kishto's mind was purified in the process but even his physical structure metamorphosed and he still lives a normal family life with all the happiness and bliss that a mortal can enjoy and contain.

The third meeting of His disciples was held on the 21st November, 1954. By this time, His intentions of entrusting them with the task of carrying the rest of the world with them on this path as "a part and parcel of sadhana to lead others along the path of righteousness" and "as the bounden duty.....to bring all to the path of bliss" was clear. With this the seed of Ananda Marga had started sprouting and the lives of His sons took a different course.

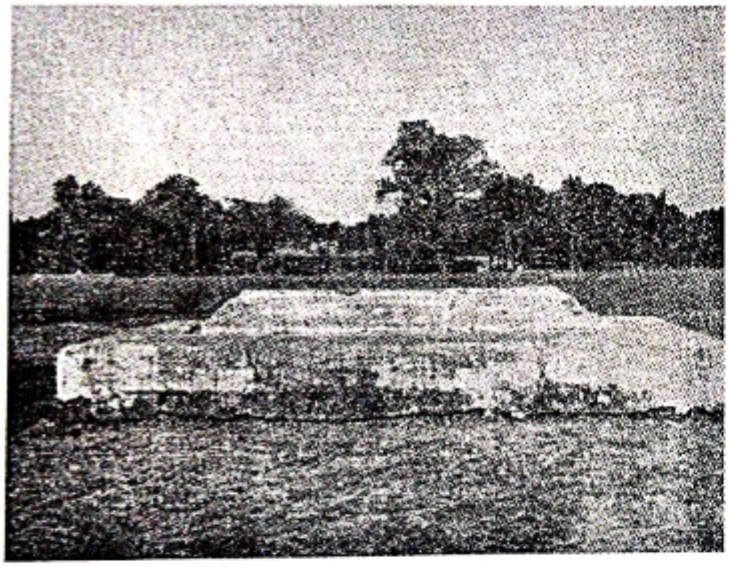
On the 9th of January, 1955, when the first regular Dharma Maha Cakra of Ananda Marga was held in Quarter 338 of Rampur Colony, the room where earlier meetings were held was too small to hold the new number of His disciples although Ananda Marga was hardly ten days old. And ever since this first one, any Dharma Maha Cakra held in any part of the world drew a much larger number of persons and the earlier place had to be changed as being too small. A 'shamiana' had to be spread to cover the back courtyard of the house to accommodate the disciples. After the Dharma Maha Cakra, there was 'Milita Bhoja' and so it can safely be said that from the very inception of Ananda Marga the preaching in its mantra 'Samgachchadhavam Samvadadhvam' had been followed. Baba personally came out to see if every one had taken his food.

From the very beginning of Ananda Marga, there was no dearth of persons, within and outside, who doubted not the system of Sadhana but the fulfilment of the bounden duty of "leading all to the path of bliss" enjoined on them. They could not imagine how this organization of few middle class men could achieve such a stupendous goal set before them. They had perhaps forgotten the stupendous change brought about in themselves in such a short span of time. Their change had been a complete metamorphosis in which they had cast away their past as dead skin and had forgotten it completely. But more of them knew that with BABA behind them no job was too big. For not long before Ananda Marga was an organization of even two months standing, a comprehensive and detailed book explaining the philosophy of Ananda Marga was ready. No one knew when it was written but the book was out, explaining a very obscure subject in very simple language and form. Not before long in the month of February 1955, few sadhakas had been authorised by BABA to initiate others into the path of eternal bliss, that is Ananda Marga.

The house in Keshavapur, the noisy street in front of which was a place for Sadhana for many of His sons

Baba's evening walks, a tradition He formed as a small child continued and His sons came and sat before His house in Keshavapur waiting for Him to come out. Till Baba came out they kept on gazing at the house and sur-

prisingly for many of them the noisy and crowded street became the best place for their sadhana and they sat there engrossed in Baba and had sometimes to be brought back to consciousness by Baba Himself. They would then go with Him to the field and sit along with Him on the tiger's grave. This is the grave on which BABA had bestowed so many favours on His sons. This is the grave on which He called His sons from far off places and planets. This is the grave which many of His sons would never forget, for here they got a new life.



The grave

Baba would invariably be accompanied by one of his disciples every time He went on an evening walk. One day it was drizzling and the person accompanying Him requested him to take an umbrella but Baba said it was not necessary. Both of them walked for some time and on crossing the Railway over-bridge were joined by another of His followers who was an officer of the Bihar Military Police-Like the traditional Military Officer he measured three inches over six feet and weighed a good two hundred pounds. It had rained heavily in the meanwhile across the Railway line and the field was full of water. Baba prepared to negotiate it and He was about to put his foot in the water when the hefty policeman sat down in front of Him requesting Him to ride on His shoulders to cross the muddy field. He insisted and Baba in spite of his hefty body just asked him, "Will you be able to do it?" The police man bragged, "Why not." Baba sat on his shoulders and the six feet three inches tall man lifted Him up thinking that he would run to the grave taking Baba on his back. He had gone only two steps and he started panting. Baba's weight was too heavy to be carried by any mortal however strong he may have been. He sat down and all the three walked to the grave through the slushy water.

Some one complained to Baba that Ananda Marga was growing too unwieldy even in the early 1955 and that there should be a social structure. Before these words were uttered, Baba said that a book called Carya Carya was under print and would very soon be giving detailed instructions on the social structure they have to build up and the social regulations necessary for them. When and how Baba had this book ready was not known to any one. Perhaps a touch from Him gave a person especial capacity to visualize what He wanted to be conveyed or included in the manuscript. He had, one day, during the course of His walks mentioned of persons knowing the philosophy of

Ananda Marga in most of its details being called Tatvika and the next day a text book for the training of Tattvika was also ready. The speed with which things happened was amazing. It needed only a snapping of His finger and a stupendous task was accomplished with a tremendous speed surpassed only by the speed of His Acarya initiating persons of different castes, creeds and colours.

The miraculous growth of Ananda Marga within the first few months of its existence became an eyesore to many particularly in Bihar where followers of Ananda Marga walked about as if they were the masters of the Universe. They were in fact so as others could not understand what treasure they had struck. Some were critical of their friends and relations who on joining Ananda Marga got busy in pursuits quite different from what they liked. Others could not stand the ever-growing number of its followers. Public criticism started in the very first few months. Press reports alleging links with Communist Countries for getting funds appeared in reactionary papers who also called it Naga Shishu (Young Snake) who would not only destroy the social structure but devour even the religions. This was followed by personal attacks on BABA. But nothing impeded the speed of the growth of Ananda Marga. In years to follow, as Ananda Marga grew bigger and bigger, opposition became more organized and stronger. Five of its disciples were killed and raids on Ananda Nagar were repeatedly made but all these were only pebbles in the way which His followers kicked away as they marched on the path to Progress.

Knowing oneself is the real knowledge, serving all with the ideation of Narayana the real action and the vow to please Paramapurusa the real devotion.

(Ananda Purnima, 1966).

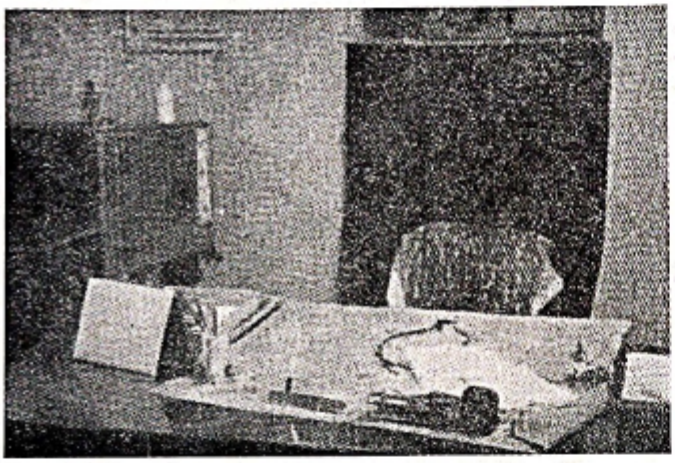
WE CALL HIM 'BABA'

We call him BABA as it means father. We call him so not because he is a spiritual leader. Nor do we call him BABA because he is our Guru. We call him BABA because he looks after us as a father looks after his little child. For how many nights in severe December cold in London I have seen him pulling the blankets to cover up my chest properly to save this little child from catching a chill. How many times I have seen him putting off the fan under the full speed of which I had slept the whole night. But one may call it my imagination. One may say I feel this way as I am very intimately associated with him. They can also say that I am the recepient of his especial love and care and so I have experienced all this. This has however, been the experience of hundreds of thousands of his sons who like me call him BABA. I am hence no isolated individual to have received his affection.

There was Jitendra Tyagi who called him BABA as a child shouts for his father. And BABA took care of Jitendra in every moment of his life. He was travelling from Bhagalpore to Moradabad way back in 1955. He had collected over a lakh of rupees after completion of his contract in Bhagalpur and left the same night for Moradabad where he needed the money for large payments in his village to the labourers at his farm. There were only two passengers in his compartment and he being used to carry large sums of money showed no uneasiness. He travelled comfortably up to Lucknow that is the noon of the next day. At Lucknow however some person told him that his brother-in-law was looking for him and had gone towards the engine to search him. Jitendra left in a hurry but he had hardly gone a few yards when some one tapped his shoulder from behind and said that his box was being carried away. He looked back only to find no one there but rushed back and before he could reach his compartment he saw a coolie carrying the box on his head towards the exit. Jitendra caught hold of the coolie as he was trying to get out of the gate. On questioning the coolie pointed out a non-existent owner who had already gone out. Jitendra came back to his seat and spent the rest of his journey chanting BABA only.

"Why should we not call him BABA" says Ramtanuk No father can look after his son so well as BABA has looked after him. His jeep accident was almost fatal. They picked him up collecting his shattered limbs along with him and dumped him in the hospital where he took several days to regain consciousness. The first person he saw on regaining consciousness was an old man whom he thought to be an employee of the hospital. This old person looked after Ramtanuk with great care and affection. He would bring for him food and fruits, get him cold drinking water and was there to attend to him on a slightest sign from him. For three months or so that Ramtanuk was in the hospital the old men looked after his smallest convenience. He was there almost all the time. It was he who changed the atmosphere of the hospital for Ramtanuk. When leaving Ramtanuk felt as if he was leaving his home and knowing that it was so because of this old employee, he desired to tip him handsomely. He gave him a ten rupee note which he accepted with great reluctance. Ramtanuk came for BABA's blessings before going home. He sat along

with others listening to what he said but his mind was still thinking of the old employee of the hospital who had looked after him like a father. Before the meeting was over BABA called Ramtanuk and gave him back the ten rupee note asking him to keep it with him. Ramtanuk started weeping loudly shouting BABA and we all woundered what had happened.



His office in Ranchi which His sons know very well

There is the toddy tapper from Kerala who thinks that BABA is his alone and belongs to none else. In Trivandrum the illiterate labourer was seeking Baba's blessings and every gentleman around the place dissuaded him from wasting his time as he would not be able to understand BABA who spoke only in English. There was a lawyer who particularly discouraged him. He had made an effort to make BABA talk in Malayalam and had failed. This toddytapper was dancing with joy after his interview. Everyone including the lawyer asked him about his experience which he narrated in detail to the astonishment of them all as they could never imagine that this illiterate fellow would be able to understand BABA's English. But BABA had spoken to him in his mother tongue. The toddytapper was quite sure and made no secret of it that BABA had come all the way from Ranchi to Trivandrum only for him as BABA was his only.

It is not necessary to invoke His affection. It is not necessary to ask Him for a favour. His affection, His favours are just showered on His children not only in distress but all the time. It is not necessary to chant His name but it cannot be helped. His children cannot live without remembering Him. How can one for whom He runs to London or Lucknow forget Him even for a moment? How can His son whom He served for months in a hospital forget Him for a second. How can anyone who has even once known Him can ever live without His memory. They all think, feel and experience that it is BABA alone that matters and cannot help chanting all the time BABA NAMA KEVALAM.

BABA

NAMA

KEWALAM